

# CONTACTS

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for distribution to the Co-workers of the Organization.

*Editor: MORAY SINCLAIR*

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## BOUQUET

**I**T is comforting to reflect that those of us in service today are about as carefully hand-picked an aggregation as the organization ever boasted.

In more normal times the employee body is not so meticulously chosen. Those who fall short of being completely competent may be overlooked in the general happy progress of events, and their shortcomings go unnoticed. They may even succeed in passing as equals with earnest workers whose eyes are strictly on the ball eight hours every day.

But when Prosperity disappears 'round a corner, such light-weights and their weaknesses show up like a black cat in a searchlight. Reins are tightened, activities checked more closely, Grim Necessity commences her weeding-out process, and there is a great falling by the wayside of those who Can't-Get-By-in-a-Pinch.

Again, conditions may continue until even Getting By or being simply Good Enough is not sufficient. The Race demands real ability. Again the sword flashes and the Moderately Efficient are left behind, wondering where the draught is coming from. What is left is the cream of the original body—the highest type of employee. And that's us.

It's a grand and glorious feeling to know we were just so much better than run-of-mill that we could "tough things out" successfully and keep hitting the line where weaker souls stumbled and fell. Neither you nor I nor anyone else in the forces will forget it. And when Happy Days once more come rolling down the highway with flags flying and drums beating, we'll follow along right in the front ranks of this great house—acknowledged; recognized and appreciated as crack troops who could take whatever Father Adversity handed out—and whip it!

—M.S.





## 'CROSS SECTIONS

### "George Martin's Huskies" on the Warpath

A fine blue haze rolled out of the Receiving-room Office and spread over the yard when the August number of *Contacts* was delivered. Investigation revealed that the phenomenon was caused by the article contained in that issue headed "Veterans in Power," and handing the palm to the Engineers for a Store "record" in the matter of years of service.

Our award apparently burned the Receiving Room gentlemen up in a big way, and they hailed us before a Kangaroo Court to account for our blunder and straighten matters away. We were released only after a solemn promise to vindicate the gentlemen concerned in these columns, and as our readers may observe, we are giving the matter front-page space—these babies are tough! As a matter of fact, examination of their record certainly makes their annoyance understandable—for between them departments 132, 133, 134 and 109 have rolled up the imposing total of 249 years of service!

As they say—truculently, but quite justifiably—"Add *that* up!" And having said it, advance their good Hibernian jaws two notches and look meaningfully around the Store for any discussion on the subject which may develop.

And here is their proud record:

Mr. Bill Tomlinson punched his first time-card (if they had 'em in those

days) on November 22nd, 1897. C. Douglas was next to arrive, on December 3rd, 1902, and then in order—Messrs. George Martin (May, 1905), G. Adams (June, 1905), J. Jamieson (August, 1905), T. Williams (July, 1906), J. Wood (August, 1906), J. Sproule (November, 1906), and W. White (April, 1907).

Anybody like to argue about it?

### *Inventor*

What should we bump into the other day, during one of our perambulations, but a real live inventor. Saw his invention, too, all duly patented and named after him, and delivering daily service at Eaton's down "behind the scenes" in the Meat Department, where the inventor himself works.

The inventor's name is Oswald Cyril Turnbull, although his department knows him more familiarly as "O.C.," a nickname he has carried ever since the brave days of 1914 to '18. He is an Englishman, born in Tottenham, London, some forty-four years ago, and coming to Canada in 1904. His trade in the Old Country had been that of carpenter and wheelwright, but on his arrival in this country he took up farming and eventually found his way into the butcher business, at which he was actively and independently employed at the outbreak of hostilities in '14.

"O.C." enlisted in the 61st Battalion, trained at Sewell, and drafted to the 44th in the Spring of '16. His



career in France was a distinguished one, and he was awarded the Military Medal for bravery in the field. He was seriously wounded by shrapnel towards the end of the war, received his discharge in the Fall of 1919, and came to Winnipeg where he immediately entered Eaton's Meat Department, where he has served ever since.

The powers that be in 230 Department assure us that "O.C.'s" invention is by far the most efficient thing of its kind obtainable. It is called the Turn-bull Sinew Extractor, and its usefulness in our Meat Section can hardly be overestimated. When dressing turkeys, chickens and other fowl for marketing it is customary, of course, to remove the lower part of the leg, and to extract the sinews from the "drumstick," the latter operation not always as simple as it sounds. Prior to "O.C.'s" contribution to the trade, several mechanical devices were in existence, designed to facilitate the removal of sinews—but all of them, so it seems, were awkward to handle, slow in operation, or in some other respect unsatisfactory. The product of "O.C.'s" imagination is apparently the perfect solution—a simple, easily operated little combination of levers that detaches the legs and pulls every sinew clean and quick as a seamstress removes her basting thread. We watched it in operation, and even to us, its quickness and thoroughness was immediately apparent. The compliments of *Contacts* are herewith enthusiastically extended to the Edison of 230.

## Disillusionment

One of Mr. Keeler's satellites of the Merchandise Display Department recently had a momentary vision of fame and fortune snatched away from before his hungry eyes.

It happened on the last day of last month, and the said satellite, turning out of the Hargrave Street door on his way to lunch, headed towards Portage and suddenly stopped, in some bewilderment. Some distance in front of

him, and all gazing raptly into a window which he himself had dressed only that morning, was a small mob of passers-by. They were packed close, half-way 'cross the sidewalk, their eyes fixed with every evidence of keenest attention and interest on the window before them.

The display man felt a sudden quick thrill of excitement. He recalled the window—remembered that nothing in it was sufficiently out of the ordinary to command such a startling response from the populace. Suddenly the thought struck him: "Have I, quite by accident, hit upon some magic secret of display—some form of design or arrangement—some formula that will stop Old Man Public in his tracks and hold him staring for minutes on end?"

With fast-beating heart he approached the crowd, eager to examine his window from the Man-in-the-Street's point of view—anxious to hear the comments of these fascinated observers of his handiwork. He pushed himself in among them.

He found what he was looking for.

*The crowd was looking at a reflection of the Eclipse in the big plate-glass front!*

Remember—we said it was August 31st.

## "Contacts" Mail Boxes

Have you seen them?

They have been put up in both City and Mail Order Time Offices as a generous gesture of a benevolent Editorial Staff who wished to save our hosts of contributors the trouble of making the long trip up to City Ad. every time they were seized with an ambition to burst into print.

Notices will be posted over the boxes each month, stating the "deadline," or closing date for contributions for the next month's issue. Contributors are asked to co-operate in this respect, and not to be disappointed if late contributions fail to appear.

Articles should preferably be enclosed in envelopes, bearing the contributor's name, department and number.





## 213 Workroom Keeps Busy

213 is doing quite nicely, thank you! The other day, if you will remember, they startled Winnipeg with an offering of two-pant suits that brought the customers a-running all day long. We were in the vicinity when the doors opened and afterwards, and the response was a bright denial to these rumors of depression that you may have heard tell about. However, a big crowd at door-opening is really no news and we had just about abandoned the event as a source of copy, when the thought occurred to us that it might be interesting to look behind the scenes and see what happened after the rush was over. And that took us to 213 Workroom.

And this is what we saw:

Here was a unit operating that was a good deal bigger in scope and personnel than a good many factories—one of the busiest corners of the organization we've so far happened on. The photograph, small as it is, gives some idea of the amount of work to be got through following a big sale. And certainly no more cheerful looking group of Eatonians could be found, up to and including Mr. Arthur Buzza, who may be seen at about the geometric centre of the photo, presiding over the destinies of this most important phase of 213's activities.

## 236 Has a Workroom, Too!

It was quite an eye-opener for us to wander into 236 Workroom and discover the activity there. Hitherto, we had known of its existence without appreciating what a busy spot it was. The thought that others might be as uninformed as ourselves, prompts us to give a little outline of what we saw.

236WR starts with the yard goods and carries it right through to the finished

article—a dainty apron, a colorful cushion top—or whatever it may be. An examination of the many charming articles they turn out is a joy to any feminine heart—a study of the process in the workroom a matter of interest to all.

Interesting, for example, to watch the designers at work, planning a floral decoration—a geometric pattern—or other clever designs destined to enhance some boudoir, dining-room or den.

Interesting, too, to see this design transferred to a parchment sheet, and the sheet perforated along each line of the pattern. Then to see this perforated sheet laid over a length of material, and blue-ing worked back and forth across it, working through the perforations so that the pattern is transferred to the material underneath. This is an operation that goes on all day—and they tell us they have equipment for stamping anything from a 12-inch square napkin to an 80 by 96-inch bedspread.

Or to watch the hemstitching machines at work—taking on any kind of material, turning out yard upon yard of flawless work at a speed to make the eyes blink. Or to see some gloriously colorful pattern taking form under the quick, skilful fingers of the embroiderers. Or to watch a young woman making buttons to order—operating a single machine that will turn out but-





tons of almost every conceivable shape and size—all in the customer's chosen materials.

Every corner of 236WR is busy, and every corner is interesting. We wouldn't have missed the visit for worlds.

## *Celanese and Cellophane*

It may not be a matter of common knowledge that the transparent, crinkly cellophane with which so much of our merchandise is wrapped, is exactly the same, basically, as the celanese and other artificial silk, of which so many of the dresses and lingerie and so forth, are made.

Both are made from wood pulp, subjected to various processes too elaborate to outline here, and finally emerging as a substance known as viscose. From this point on, the only difference is that to make cellophane, the viscose is forced over rollers in an acid bath, to emerge as the familiar transparent sheet; whereas to make cellulose, the viscose is forced through microscopically fine nozzles to emerge as slender silken threads.

Did you know that?

## *Eaton Merchandise "Via Churchill"*

This Summer was an historic one in the matter of transportation in Western Canada. For this Summer saw the opening of Canada's newest modern sea-port, Churchill, and this Summer saw the first shipment of freight, consigned to Canada since the modernization of this port, cross the North Atlantic, come down the Bay and discharge. The event was a matter of world interest, receiving attention in news columns on both sides of the water. It marked another milestone in the history of international trade and transportation.

It is, therefore, a matter worthy of record in these pages that Eaton's was represented in this epic shipment. When the S.S. "Pennyworth" of Newcastle, docked at the Northern port, it carried a shipment of substantial proportions for **T. EATON CO. LIMITED**—the consignees in particular being Departments 33, 204, 208, 211, 212, 214, 233, 247.

Photograph shows part of Eaton's consignment in process of unloading. Clip it out to show your grandchildren some day!



## No "Baseball" This Year, but New Competition in Preparation

For some time past, the entire City Sales Staff has been anxiously wondering whether we were to have some more "Big League Ball" this October. *Contacts* is now in a position to say quite definitely that the higher executive has decided "Baseball" is out so far as this Fall is concerned.

This does not mean, however, that the spirit of competition will be entirely absent from our activities next month. Plans are already under way for a new form of competition which promises to make things every bit as interesting for everybody as during those torrid days when "Sparky" Hancock and "Colonel" Hull were wrangling over second place, or "Wally" Williams was making his sensational spurt to victory.

Complete details are not as yet available, but it is understood that the sales force will again be divided into groups which will contend for a substantial money prize. At the same time, generous cash awards are planned for individual salespeople showing increases over previous records. Full information regarding the exact nature of the competition should be before the staff in the course of a very few days.

### GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight  
For sun and sky and air and light,  
That stood out in the open plain,  
And always got its share of rain,  
Never became a forest king  
But lived and died a scrubby thing.  
The man who never had to toil,  
Who never had to win his share  
Of sun and sky and light and air,  
Never became a manly man  
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease;  
The stronger wind, the tougher trees.  
The farther sky, the greater length;  
The more the storm, the more the  
strength;

By sun and cold, by rain and snows,  
In tree or man good timber grows.  
Where thickest stands the forest  
growth  
We find the patriarchs of both,  
And they hold converse with the stars  
Whose broken branches show the scars  
Of many winds and much of strife.  
This is the common law of life.

### FASHION PLATE

Her figure's slim and sleek and svelte—  
She wears a silver fox's pelt—  
Her hat is chic, her velvet frock  
Is colored like a rosy plum—  
And then I notice, with a shock  
That she is masticating gum!—Doug.

## GANG WAR LOOMS!

### Contacts Flouts Intimidation Campaign by Local "Gorillas"

Presumably uneasy because of the possibility that *Contacts* might let a little daylight into certain nefarious actions of their own, several characters prominent in various sinister activities throughout the Store, have made strong representations to the Editorial majesty of this proud journal in an attempt to dictate what we should and should not publish.

Led by one Bill the Mouthpiece (we mercifully refrain from publishing the aliases under which these gentlemen carry on in the Store), a group of weasels, including such low forms of life as Louie the Loup, Wop Johnny and Clarey the Kike, have attempted to "put the muffler" on our efforts in the public interest.

We hasten to assure our thousands of supporters, however, that this amusing campaign is going to get its instigators exactly nowhere. We refuse to be verbally browbeaten, and we have arranged to have the well-known and widely recognized Nick the Knife attend to any other form of unpleasantness which the opposition tactics may seem to call for. We might even be persuaded to have something done about it by Big Al himself.

We'd like to see everything quiet on the Western Front.



## WALLPAPER

*A Few Notes on its History*

Wallpaper is one of the most democratic and the most universally popular forms of decoration in use today. It is employed all over the world—and all over the world it is obtainable for anything from a few cents per roll to many dollars. It will give beauty to the humblest dwelling—or enhance the dignity of the most pretentious.

Its ancestry is high, and ancient. The idea unquestionably started with the crude drawings of prehistoric men on the walls of their caves—it was elaborated in the more artistic wall-paintings of the Egyptians, Etruscans, Greeks and Latins; colored tiles and stucco, the embossed and painted leather, tapestry, linen, and other textiles used to cover and decorate mediaeval walls—and finally came into its own when paper-making had developed to the point where it could produce a paper suitable for such a purpose. Both technically and artistically, the form of wallpaper is intimately linked with that of its long line of predecessors.

Its immediate forebears, of course—and most closely allied to it—were the tapestries and painted cloths widely used in the mediaeval era. The famous Bayeux tapestry, one of the oldest in existence, was woven during the reign of William the Conqueror. From that time onward, English history and literature are full of references to this form of wall decoration. Painted cloth was a slightly later development, but references to its use have been found dated as early as 1410, and Shakespeare (1564-1616) is full of references to the practice.

It is impossible to state accurately when the first wallpaper was made, or

who made it, chiefly because of the extremely perishable nature of the material. Only within recent years has there gradually emerged some idea of how it came to take its place.

The exact date cannot be given, but recent research makes it clear that before the end of the 15th century the practice was not uncommon of giving paper a decorative appearance, either by means of wooden blocks on which a design was engraved (with, later, the addition of color through a stencil or by hand brushwork), or by one or other of the allied processes of "marbling" or "scratting."

The paper so decorated was used for a variety of purposes—it might be to cover books in place of leather or vellum, or to form the end-pieces of volumes bound in the ordinary way; to line cupboards, chests and boxes, or to affix to the walls of minor apartments, where richer material would have been out of place or possibly too dear.

The oldest known surviving patterned paper of European production, used as a wall decoration, was found in the Lodge of Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1911. The probable date of this paper (of which only a few fragments survived) is 1509. Then, after a jump to 1536, when we find the next reference, the use of papers became increasingly popular throughout the reign of Elizabeth and on to comparatively modern times. Such papers were, of course, hand-printed, usually with crude wooden "blocks" and often hand tinted or stencilled.

It is well to mention that in these notes we are dealing particularly with the history of wallpaper as connected with Europe and our own country. And therefore it is worthy of note that the Chinese, having learned the secret of paper-making some 4,000 years ago, were using paper bearing printed designs as wall decorations at least 2,000 years ago—long before our ancestors



ever thought of it. Such paper was mainly religious in its significance, being placed on the walls in memory of the dead. But it *was* wallpaper, and it gave birth to the use of wallpaper as we know it for decorative purposes. As early as the 17th century, Europe began to import Chinese papers for use in their own homes—and to copy them in their own factories.

Until the end of the 18th century all wallpapers had been printed in sheets, because up until that time paper was made only in sheets. Such improvements as had come to the craft were of an artistic rather than a mechanical nature. Artistically, of course, the advance had been tremendous, and many beautifully designed and beautifully printed samples are still in existence to show the care and skill and artistry that had been lavished on wallpaper production. But all the work, as we have said, was still largely by hand. The great "blocks" used in the printing were designed and made, and sheet by sheet the paper was struck off, to be hung on walls much as we might cover a card with postage stamps today. The manufacturing process was, of course, slow, and the cost of the paper of necessity, high.

Then, in 1799, a Frenchman named Robert invented a machine for making paper in an endless sheet. In order to finance his invention he approached his employers. They in turn went to an English associate, who established connection with a firm of British stationers, Bloxam and Fourdrinier. The two brothers Fourdrinier took the enterprise in hand, and although it turned out a bad financial failure to all originally connected with it, the modern paper-making machine is called a Fourdrinier and is on exactly the same principle as that invented by Robert.

The next, and final step in the evolution of wallpaper as we know it, was the method of printing the endless sheets in which paper now came to be made.

In 1839, experiments were commenced in an endeavor to print wallpaper on the same machines that were

being used to print calico—that is, by means of engraved rollers. When this process was finally perfected, wallpaper may be said to have found itself, and from that time until the present day, progress both from artistic and mechanical stand points has been largely a matter of "finishing touches" to the already existing processes.

Let us not forget the honorable and interesting ancestry of our four walls.  
—M.S.

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## "CONTACTS"

Each month I've read your magazine  
With pleasure—and a laugh,  
But never a word have I found in print  
Of the editor and staff.  
Who accumulates this knowledge  
That so interests us all?  
I feel I'd like to give a cheer—  
Right here and now—that's all.

It sure does make us realize  
Each issue that comes through,  
That plenty work has to be done  
And a lot of praise is due.  
Methinks what we enjoy the most  
Besides the rare good wit,  
Is the information tendered us  
About—that—and those—and it.

For after all in life you'll find  
The ones that court success  
Are usually found to have "interest"  
In whatever they possess.  
If we could just be curious  
About what we sell each day,  
We'd find it quite a jolly game  
And one we all could play.

We could "delve" a bit and "browse"  
around,  
And find it lots of fun,  
To just come down to work each day  
With our troubles smothered some—  
And soon enough we'd surely find  
"Depression" on the run.

So give yourselves a "pat on the back"  
And when things start to lighten,  
You'll find that *Contacts* did its share  
This little world to brighten.

—Anon.



## Down at The Creamery

*"Contacts" Found Much of Interest*

The Eaton Winnipeg Creamery, as everybody should know, is located in the Alexander Ave. Warehouse, which also houses 1203, the Printing Plant. From here to Alexander is a tidy little step, but if you're bound on a trip of investigation to the creamery, as we found ourselves the other morning, you'll find the journey well worth while! For everything about the creamery is interesting, and Mr. McLean, who directs the destinies of this important cog in the Eaton machine, is as entertaining as he is informative.

He showed us the cream as it arrives, direct from the farmers, in the familiar white metal cans—and he pointed out the iron-clad tests that every can of the rich liquid must undergo as soon as it arrives—tests by Dominion Government representatives, by Provincial experts, by our own operators. It's tested for flavor in the only way it can be so tested—tasting. It's tested for butter-fat content. A definite quantity is placed in tall, narrow-necked little bottles, with a solution of sulphuric acid. The bottle, together with other similar samples, is placed in a

centrifugal machine and whirled dizzily at a tremendous rate of speed. The sulphuric acid "burns out" everything but the butter-fat. This rises to the top into the narrow neck of the bottle, which is graduated so that a reading of comparative butter-fat proportions can be taken. The final test is for acidity—a simple matter of injecting an alkaline solution into the cream until its acid reaction is neutralized. The amount of alkaline solution required gives an arbitrary figure for the acidity of the sample.

The tests made, and the cream graded, it is poured into a long trough-like vat (see Plate 1) called the "Forewarmer." Down the centre of this vat runs a rotating spiral coil through which hot water is running. This gives the cream a preliminary warming up before it is passed to the flash pasteurizers—steam jacketed tanks incorporating a complicated paddle-wheel mechanism—and which raises the cream to high temperature of 185 degrees F., required for modern pasteurization.

Leaving the pasteurizers, the cream runs through another series of vats similar to the forewarmer, except that this time the process is one of cooling—first from 185 degrees to 80 degrees, and then from 80 degrees to churning temperature. From the last of the vats the cooled cream goes to the churns.

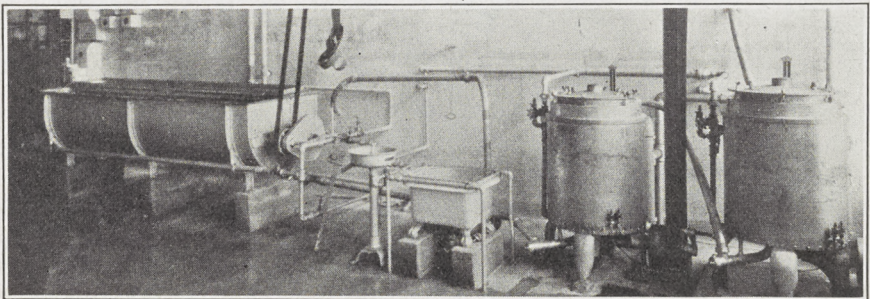


Plate 1—The "Forewarmer" on the Left, and the Flash Pasteurizers



# CONTACTS

The churns, as may be seen in the illustration (Plate 3), are huge wooden cylinders, inside which is a system of rollers and paddles which dash the butter granules free from the liquid, leaving the buttermilk free to be drained away. After draining, the butter is washed to remove all traces of buttermilk and the churn is drained again. Salt is next worked thoroughly and evenly through the butter (this, too, is done in the churn)—and the mass of butter is ready for weighing into 56-pound lots and packed in parchment-paper-lined boxes for storage in the great brine-cooled refrigerators, large enough to hold 9,000 pounds of butter at a time.

From here, thoroughly cooled, these 56-pound boxes go to the packers. Here it is first cut into smaller blocks which are in turn run through a pressure-worm, to emerge through an aperture in the commonplace oblong form. Next it is cut into pound lengths. Due to slight variation in moisture content—which, incidentally, must not be more than 16 degrees—the size of a pound varies for different churnings. The wire knife which cuts the blocks works in conjunction with a scale which makes the necessary adjustment as each churning arrives.

After cutting, the blocks pass on to an endless conveyor belt passing in front of the wrappers. These swift-fingered young women seize a pound in two paddlers (no hand touches the product from beginning to end), wrap

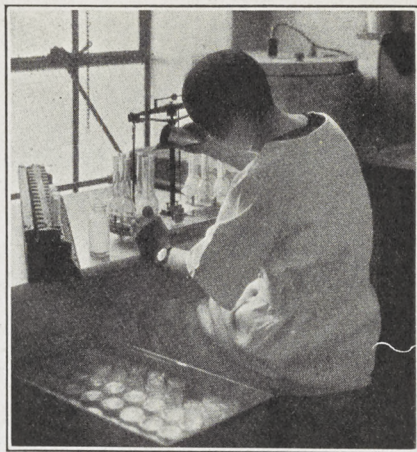


Plate 2—Testing Cream for Butter-Fat Content

it in waxed paper and enclose it in a carton at a speed which is almost blinding to our unaccustomed eyes. Again it is packed away in the square boxes and is ready for shipment and sale to the thousands of Winnipeggers who demand it every day.

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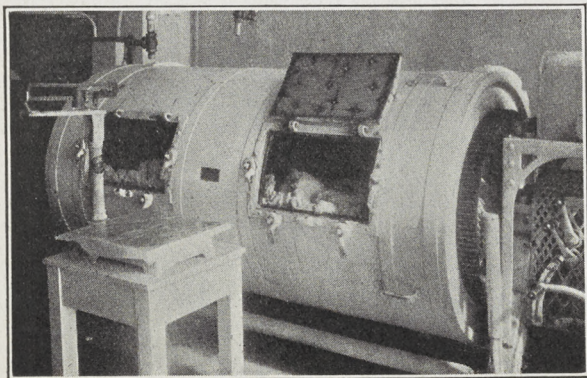


Plate 3—One of the Huge Churns



## "IN YOUR HAT"

### *Something About the Overhead We All Should Carry*

"There is hardly a manufacturer of importance who has not, with considerable effort and great expense, published a book on hats and hatting. And, as regards source material in the way of old books and articles, paintings and prints, no other single item of masculine apparel is more richly documented. Yet rare indeed is the salesman who even tries to talk hats—and omnipresent is he who is content merely to show them."

—Extract from "Apparel Arts" Magazine.

Throughout the ages, the hat has been a definite indication of the wearer's position, class, and individual distinction. Kings and princes spent fortunes on hats; and a coveted office of the king's household, among the Louis of France, was Keeper of the King's Hats.

Legend has it that St. Clement, patron saint of hatters, discovered the art or science of felting purely by accident. Footsore and weary, he is supposed to have fastened about his feet great tufts of wool plucked from the backs of sheep that passed him in the roadway. He then proceeded on his journey—and was surprised to find, at the end thereof, that he was shod with sandals of felt—the perspiration from his foot, combined with its pressure on the wool, resulting in the shrinking and matting together of its barbed fibres necessary to produce the new fabric. This, however, is purely legend, for it is known that the Romans, the Gauls and even the Mongols understood felting long before St. Clement was born.

It has been said by more than one philosopher that "A man is known by his hat." It is still true today—but infinitely more true in olden times. This Summer, for instance, a lot of men wore green hats—some because they thought green was modish—others simply because they liked the color—but all because they wanted to. Yet on a certain Spring day 600 years ago, many men put on green hats not because they wanted—but because they had to. The green hat had been de-

clared the official and compulsory symbol of *bankruptcy*!

Hats, in that golden age of hatting, were as expensive as they were important—and they were very important, indeed. Shakespeare's query, "Is his head worth a hat?" was not altogether fantastic. Hats were mentioned in wills. Hats were hired out, even in Puritan New England, as full dress suits are hired out today.

Plumes were worn on the left side, for in the days when pride could lead men to find feathers it could lead them to an average expectancy of impromptu swordplay daily. And while slicing off an opponent's ear might be a trivial matter, slicing off one's own plume would be a serious embarrassment. And plumes were very expensive. For that same atavistic reason, too, is the modern hat's bow always on the left side. Once it had long streamers, that might get tangled around one's sword.

Hatters came to this side of the Atlantic among the earliest settlers, and well up to the end of the eighteenth century they roamed the countryside—much like peddlers—the tools of their trade at their back—making their hats in the customers' own back yard. But by 1790 most of this fraternity had disappeared, and the first factories appeared. With them appeared names that to this day are great and famous in the hat trade—Ezra Mallory—Charles Knox—Crofutt and Knapp—and John B. Stetson, probably the most famous hatter of all time.

And in connection with this gentleman, we quote in conclusion, an incident of his history which contains a salutary lesson for all concerned with the merchandising of hats today.



# CONTACTS

When Stetson made his appearance in the American hat scene, hats were selling at from two to four dollars. For twenty years before he started his own business, three dollars was regarded as practically the standard price.

Stetson's great contribution, that made himself wealthy and the hat trade healthy, was the rediscovery of the upper price levels. At first he met nothing but discouragement. He was trying to launch a hat that would be something other than "just another good hat." Day after day, into store after store, he would walk, wearing the latest "Stetson creation." But he had to swallow the bitter pill, as so many would-be stylists among manufacturers have had to do, that new fashions can't be just "thought up," that the current of style can't be bucked by any one maker, or even any group of makers. Stetson was trying to swim against a current that was too strong. And style after style failed miserably. Then, with his funds running very low, he thought of trying, since he couldn't start a new style, to start a new quality. Down to his last dime he dug, to buy the very finest fur that could be bought.

Felt hats just after the Civil War commonly weighed about four ounces. Stetson sat down and made one that weighed a scant two ounces, very soft, very fine, very light. Again he started on the rounds of Philadelphia stores, wearing this new light-weight hope. A customer, his curiosity aroused by the Stetson sales talk, asked to try on the hat. Putting it on, he gave a grin of delight, asked if he could buy it. The result was an order for a dozen. Stetson went straight back and made them, and got his money, before he even tried to sell another store. Trying the stores again, he found that the new lightweight could be sold and he sold it. But he couldn't find anybody to pay what it was worth. So he went on, forced to be content with a very tiny profit, getting nowhere as far as his desire to popularize a high-priced hat was concerned, but getting money

to buy high-priced furs. When, finally, he had enough stock, he decided to stake everything on one big gamble.

Convinced at last that Philadelphia retailers wouldn't buy expensive hats, he sought to find someone who would. Remembering that the ranchers of the South-west wore big hats of which they seemed inordinately proud, and which they purchased, along with their finest silver-mounted saddles, in Mexico, he decided to sample every store in the South-west. Again he went down to his last dime, to make the sample hats. Some he made of the finest hare's fur. These he priced at five dollars, and decided, then and there, that would be his lowest price. Some he made of a blend of hare's fur and nutria. These he priced at fifteen dollars. And some of clear beaver, these to sell at thirty dollars. All, however, were made in one romantic model, natural color, four-inch crown and four-inch brim. Hubbard called it "a sombrero with a college education." That was a good name for it. But Stetson, at the time, gave it a better one. He named it "The Boss of the Plains." The name and the hat caught everyone's fancy out in the great open spaces, whither he had sent every sample hat with a letter asking for an initial order for a dozen. The orders flocked in, and the name for a hat, through the West, ceased to be "a hat," became "a Stetson."

Stetson hats, launched by that one master stroke, swept the country. Men bought them, not because they were the latest style in New York, but because they were fine hats, because they were expensive hats, and most important of all, because people as much as a block away could tell that they were fine and expensive. And that was what brought back the great days of hatting. Stetson became the colossus of the hat trade, but the whole hat trade benefited. Stetson sales were to rise as high as 45 per cent of the country's total sales. But all sales, for the next 65 years, were to reflect the secret that Stetson found: Hats may be sold, not alone as expressions of a current style, but as objects of intrinsic value.



## Among the Sportsmen

So far as sports are concerned, this is one of those unfortunate periods known as "between seasons." Organized baseball is all over—basketball has not yet commenced—bowling is still off on the horizon—and so on down most of the list comprising Eaton sports activities. On top of all this, Mr. Foster Johnson has most inconsiderately gone on his holidays, and we've had to go scratching for our own sporting news—with the result that we have developed a brand new idea regarding the said Mr. Johnson's real importance in the successful production of this booklet. We hope he has a lovely time—(as we write this, word comes to us that he is frolicking with sundry nymphs and dryads around Holst Point)—but we'll certainly be glad to see him back!

However, if the calendar of organized sport is unusually dead, the humble "Scrubs" have not been idle, and there are fortunately many minor tangles of one sort and another that have come nobly to our rescue in this connection, and enabled us to struggle through (however ineffectually) without the aid of the admirable Foster.

There were two games, of which we have particulars—both won by the 4th Floor, Store—which was a bitter mouthful for the 7th, Mail, who, we are informed, had their picture taken, all ready for publication in this enterprising journal *if they won*. We would have been glad to print it, anyway, but they neglected to send it in, so their hope of photographic recognition must be disappointed. 4th, Store, took the first by 7-5 and the second 7-6, and the scores themselves are the best indication of how closely contested was each tangle. It is a matter of regret that space restrictions do not permit fuller details of play. Dan Toombs, of the Ironmen, umpired both games. Those playing included:

4th, Store—Lewis, Crawford, Price, Tomes, Firth, Stanton, Workman, Collins, Taylor, Penyoun, Barling, Matthias, Raby, Turney, Gould, Davies.

7th, Mail—Brownrigg, Richardson, Cousins, Taylor, Paulson, Stewart, Thompson, Ralph, Black, Coone, Olifant, Hawksby, Murray.

### 214—"Henpecks" vs. "Innocents"

Then again, much interest has been taken in the past few weeks concerning the ball games between the single and married men of 214 Dept., with the Office staff and a few of their friends, rooting for the married men. Why all the interest in the married men, Office girls? The first game of the league proved fatal to the married men, the score running so high that it would not be justice to shame the married men by giving the score.

Campbell Walker, the bouncing Scot, scored the first home run for the hen-pecked husbands, while Bud Purdy did the same for the innocent singles. Graham, pitching for the married men, proved himself the boy

### 4th, Store vs. 7th, Mail

Such a series of encounters was that staged between representations of the 7th Floor, Mail, and the 4th Floor, Store. Nor let it be supposed, simply because these two aggregations are not listed under more imposing titles in an organized league, that the class of ball they dished up for their supporters was in any way as sour as might be supposed. Their line-ups included such stellar performers as Bill Cousins of the Ironmen, Ken Coone and Geo. Richardson of the Royals, Barling of the Candies, and Matthias and Davies of the Cubs. And their contests were masterfully played in every sense of the word.



hero of the league, while Firth, the curly-headed youth, won plenty of applause from the audience. All of the players proved themselves to be ball players of some sort, and enjoyed themselves breaking their legs, wrists, etc.

The last and fatal accident happened in the last game of the season, when Bouncing Walker brought home half of Sargent Park on his right knee, slipping and sliding. At the time of writing, he is slipping and sliding in his bedroom, and we all hope for his speedy recovery. Walker claims that the right leg is a football leg, but who knows?

Congratulations, married men, for your hard work and sportsmanship in taking your three beatings out of four games so nobly. Three cheers, single men, winners of the famous 214 League. Line-ups were as follows:

*Singles*—Firth, Carpenter, Workman, Cuddy, Purdy, James, Cane, Desdire, Lambert.

*Married*—Collins, Graham, Benson, Carter, Saddlemire, Walker, Rossebo, Fogg, Gregory, Bull.

## Eaton Swimming Club

The Eaton's Ladies' Swimming Club, under the presidency of Mrs. A. J. Tustin, strives steadily to help the members advance. In particular, help is being given in the art of life-saving methods, and during recent months a number of ladies have successfully passed the tests of the Royal Life Saving Society, and have thereby gained certificates and medals. The knowledge acquired by the members of a life-saving class is invaluable, and considerably adds to individual confidence in the water, besides fitting one to aid in saving life from drowning. It is earnestly hoped that during the succeeding year of activity, these classes will greatly increase in number and in size.

The following ladies received the Proficiency Certificate and Bronze Medallion: Ellen E. Deason, Jean B. Duffield, Martha Hoipa, Mary Avison, Nora E. Harding, May Wallbank, Myrtle I. McKelvey, Grace Louise White, Grace Fox, Patricia Scott.

Hilda F. Tustin was successful in passing the rather severe tests for the Silver Award of Merit, and is to be commended for her work on this occasion.

—R.C.L.

## Eaton Girls' Basketball League

The annual meeting of this league will be held in the Club Rooms on Monday, September 19th, at 8 p.m. sharp. This is the most important meeting of the league, and during its progress officers will be elected for the 1932-33 season; it is therefore requested that everyone interested turn out without fail.

It is hoped we will be able to operate two divisions this year, viz: "A" Division of four strong teams of seasoned players, and "B" Division—four teams of beginners and weaker players, built 'round a foundation of stronger players. All games will be played at the Y.W.C.A., and it is probable that Monday will again be the night of play.

Both seasoned players and beginners are strongly urged to attend the meeting if at all possible, but above all to see to it that representatives at least are present — Monday, September 19th, 8 p.m.

### NOTE NEW PLAYING RULE

This rule shall govern all players in all leagues affiliated with the W. and D.G.B.B.A., and expressly states that a player shall be allowed to play for only one team in any one league.



## Angling Club News

A very enjoyable time was spent by the members of the Eaton Angling Club at the Eaton Lodge during the week end August 20-21st. Many of the members had their friends as guests, and we were glad to notice that the ladies seem to enjoy these outings as much as their men folks.

To those who have not had the pleasure of visiting the Lodge, the following directions may be useful. Go north to the Locks—turn East to Beausejour, where refreshments may be had, and continue East to Sneddon's Corner, distance  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles. East still more until Seigs' filling station is reached, another  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles; then leave the Trans-Canada highway at this point and proceed on the Seven Sisters road for two miles. Then continue north for a distance of 3 miles to the Lodge. The complete distance from Main and Portage is 65 miles.

On looking over the log book, we notice that the Lodge has been well patronized since our visit last month. The members and guests present during the week end Aug. 21-22 included: Mr. and Mrs. Dan Wilson, of 301 Dept., with their daughter, Margaret, and son, Bobbie (some singer, Dan); Miss G. Davis and Miss T. Treleaven, from 229 Dept.; Mr. C. Robson, Mr. P. Pulford and Mr. W. Henry, of 301 Dept.; Mr. Bert Gill, from 22 Dept. Amongst the guests were Mr. F. B. Ferguson and his son, Ed.; Mr. W. Allbutt and Mr. R. A. Shanks. We believe the gentlemen are connected with our City Hall.

We also had Mr. and Mrs. C. Barker and daughter, from Transcona.

A very pleasant evening was spent by all when Mr. Ferguson started singing. Then some of the men told fish and other stories, making it truly the end of a perfect day.

Those that caught the fish were Mr. F. Tease and Mr. George Allan and his son, Ralph.

—Bill, 227.

## Printers' Golf

The Printing Dept. "knock-out" golf competition just completed, with an entry of 32 players, was won by Archie Clay after a hard tussle with Stan. Speer. The consolation went to Jimmy Buchanan, of Scottish football fame, his opponent being Len Wimble.

Some interesting matches were held in both events, the department loaning their adding machine to some of the competitors.

The Tenth Annual Tournament will be held on Saturday, Sept. 17th, at Elmhurst. An entry of 40 is expected, which will include D. N. Arnott and George Leslie, winners of the low gross in the Store's annual competition. The result of this event will be published in next month's issue of *Contacts*.

W. E. Mitchell (no relation to the Great Abe) is the presiding secretary, and it is through his untiring efforts that the competitions have been such a success.

## Ten-Pin Bowling

The eight teams of the Eaton Men's 10-Pin League will get away at the start of the season on the 19th of September in the Saratoga Alleys. All members are looking forward to a banner season under the accomplished leadership of President "Ducky" Holmes and Secretary Ralph Keough. Good luck!

## D. Cupid Promotes Interesting Match

George Matthews, of Department 1203, and prominent bright light in volley ball and golf circles, has decided to disregard warnings of fellow sportsmen, and will endeavor to prove that two can live as cheaply as one, his partner in the experiment being Miss Gertrude Brierley, of the Basement Home Furnishings. The twosome will tee off on September 24th. Best wishes!



# CONTACTS

## 1932 Softball Champions



*"Dinty" Moore's Cubs*

Back Row, left to right—G. Benner, J. Sculthorp, J. Davies, E. Wild, W. Wilkinson, W. Evans. Middle Row—J. Smith, S. Mathias, H. Dale, G. Firth, M. Heidrick, W. Creak. Front Row—J. Stewart (Mascot), J. Moore (Manager). Missing from picture—G. Blockley, W. Boles.

The Cubs wish to convey their many thanks to the ardent supporters, especially to those who were present during the play-off series, and also to their worthy opponents who showed sterling sportsmanship throughout.

"Slim" Benner, Dept. 151, pitcher and infielder. Has good strike-out record, getting 41 during final three games.

"Sunny Jim" Sculthorp, Dept. 130, third baseman. Knows how to handle his position and where to place a hit.

"Slim" Davies, Dept. 106, left field. A newcomer and a coming "Pepper" Martin.

Edgar Wild, Dept. 127, right field. Better known as "Nap," but the name should be "Snappy" Wild.

"Big Bill" Wilkinson, Dept. 229, first base. Learned to bat from Eaton's Cricket Team, and a sure catch.

"Chatty" Bill Evans, Dept. 130, catcher. Tantalizing and useful hitter. Connected for sensational hit in final game in play-off series. Member of Eaton Dodgers, cupholders this year.

Jack Smith, Dept. 130, centre field. Likes his gum and how he can catch. Useful infield when needed.

Stan. Mathias, Dept. 216, first shortstop. Quick on the ball and smothers many fast ones.

"Howie" Dale, Dept. 151, second base. Has a sure peg, and member of Eaton's Dodgers, cupholders this year.

"Georgie" Firth, Dept. 214, first shortstop. A very useful addition, hitting safely eight times, sacrificed twice, walked once, and struck out once in twelve times up in final series.

"Mel" Heidrick, Dept. 229, pitcher. Can fill any position when required. Good batter and a great asset to the team.

"Smiling Buffalo Bill" Creak, Dept. 144, right field. Live wire on the paths and steals the whole show.

George Blockley, Dept. 130, second shortstop. Learned his tricks from "House of David" ball players. Has a keen eye for fast ones.

Wesley Boles, Life Assurance Dept., second shortstop. Keen player and crowd pleaser.

Jimmy Stewart, mascot, and one of the strongest supporters of the team.

"Dinty" Moore, Dept. 120, manager. Can fill in when required. Efficient coach and gets results.



## The "Summerettes"



### Champions, Girls' "A" Division, 1932

*Back Row, left to right*—Jack Carnegie, trainer; Olive Pateman, 1 b. and left field; Annie Forbes, 2 b.; Lexie Morton, catcher; Harold Watson, coach; Margaret McAlpine, 1 b.; Lil. Mansfield, 3 b.; Ella Marshall, pitcher.

*Front Row*—Joan Irwin, rt. field; Billie Bromley, pitcher; Mr. Summers, hon. president; Margaret Braine, pitcher; Doris Bale, 1st short.

*Missing*—Bessie Taverner, 2nd short; Kay Knight, pitcher; Leah Little, rt. field; Lil Scullion, centre field; Anne Edgar, 2nd short.

*Olive Pateman*—What a girl! Can play any position except pitcher.

*Annie Forbes*—Capped the highest batting average this year. She makes 'em think twice before going down to second.

*Lexie Morton*—Our home-run queen. And how she slides. Just try to sneak down to second with Lex on the job.

*"Mac" McAlpine*—Another slippery customer. Zip! Here comes Mac sliding home. Just watch her round up the gang for practice.

*Lily Mansfield*—Hats off to Lil for her exhibition this year. She just does everything right.

*Ella Marshall*—Our lefty pitcher—also plays a good field.

*Joan Irwin*—A heavy slugger and grabs every catch that comes near her.

*Billie Bromley*—That nice smooth ball of hers looks easy, but batters soon find out it's poison.

*Doris Bale*—Good on her pick-up, and a dandy hitter.

*Margaret Braine*—Whiz! Bang! and another one fanned. That's general when Marg. gets in the box.

*Bessie Taverner*—One of the best, till she was forced to quit owing to a dislocated hip.

*Kay Knight*—"The pitcher that could fool 'em all."

*Leah Little*—One of the brite-lites until Vics lured her away from us. Now she's known as the trickiest fielder going.

*Lil. Scullion*—Our prize teaser—four fouls, then a homer. Fooled yah!

*Annie Edgar*—In a close game you sure can depend on Anne. Places her hits, picks up everything and a straight peg.



## Looking Backward



*The Meat Department, 1906*

Again we turn back the pages of memory, to uncover as quaint a little chapter in the Book of Eaton History as we have ever presented—an imposing panorama of the personnel of the Meat Department, taken in the year 1906.

Walking through our Meat Department today, and noticing the proportions to which it has grown—it is one of the largest in all North America, if not indeed, the largest—the entire staff consisted only of the group shown above. The growth of 230 to its present magnitude is a record of progress that few departments can challenge.

In the photo above, we find:

*Back Row, left to right*—W. J. Edgar, T. Templeton, S. Chambers, G. Ingolo, J. Cramm.

*Middle Row*—F. Fabener, J. Williams, J. Guest, R. J. Rennick, Geo. Chambers.

*Front Row*—A. Brooks, A. Schofield, and a young gentleman whose name, up till the moment of going to press, had not been recalled by any of the oldtimers. Can any of our readers help us?

In view of the particularly creditable showing of the 1932 Cricket Team in their Division this Summer, it is a happy chance that has sent us this photo of the team the Store fielded 22 years ago, and which, so we are informed, was quite as distinguished in play as the present-day organization.

*Back Row, left to right*—  
— Jacobs, Harry Maltby, Jack Ledsham, Harry Cryer, C. R. Tribble,  
—, and C. Martindale.

*Front Row*—Charlie Deschamps, Johnny Hunt, E. Fretwell, Fred Nicholls, and Stan. Metcalfe.

*The Eaton Cricket Team, 1910*



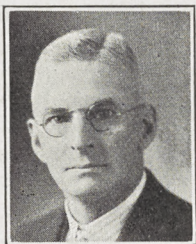


## The Quarter-Century Club

*Welcomes Four New Members*

Mr. Thomas Swann—Superintendent, the Calgary Store—was born in Randallstown, County Antrim, Ireland, and served his business apprenticeship in the famous "Old Bleach" Linen factories in that country. He came to Canada in 1907, coming straight to Winnipeg where he joined Eaton's on August 13th, 1907, entering the old 106 Dept. (C.O.D.'s). In the years that followed, Mr. Swann's service took him to various departments in both City and Mail Order, finally leading to Department 100, in the Superintendent's Office, from whence he left in 1929 to take over his present position as Superintendent of the Calgary Store.

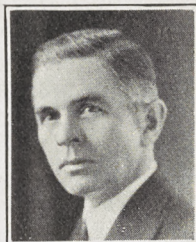
Mr. Norman McDonald—Department 100 (Mail Order Merchandise)—was born and bred in Auld Reekie, the city being no less than "Glesca" itself, which may explain Mr. McDonald's predilection for singing "Sailin' up the Clyde." Some thirty years ago, he felt the wanderlust, and in 1903 came to Canada. His first situation in this country was with the Rat Portage Lumber Company, which he held until August 23rd, 1907, when he joined Eaton's, going to 132 Department, the old Basement Receiving Room. From here he graduated successively to Customs, Cartage, Stock Room, and eventually to 100 Department, in which he has served for the last thirteen years. His friends of the Mail Order have so far been unsuccessful in breaking down his Celtic reserve to the extent of finding out where he is spending his vacation.



Mr. Edward H. Hall—Department 162 (Customs)—is a dyed-in-the-wool Bluenose, his birthplace being none other than the romantic little town of

Annapolis Royal—the oldest European settlement on the North American continent north of the Gulf of Mexico. Following his schooling, Mr. Hall, to use his own description, "went rail-roading," which profession he followed right up until he joined Eaton's. He came to the West in the year 1906, in the employ of the then Canadian Northern Railway. In August of 1907, Mr. Scrivener persuaded him to enter the Eaton Brotherhood, and on the 27th of that month, Mr. Hall joined 162 Department and has stayed right with it down to the present day. He leaves for his holidays at the beginning of September, to visit the scenes of his youth in the Maritimes.

Mr. William J. Keeler—Department 135 (Merchandise Display)—was born in the bustling metropolis of Mitchell, Ontario, about twelve miles from Stratford, and received his earliest mercantile training in the retail establishment operated by his father in the nearby town of Hespler. His function in this organization was that of salesman, but one day the individual in charge of window display went on holidays—Mr. Keeler was appointed to "fill in"—and has spent most of his time associated with Merchandise Display ever since. He studied his profession in New York—worked at it in the Southern States and in Guelph, Ontario, and finally came to Winnipeg, joining Eaton's, August 26th, 1907. He was for eight years in 226 Department, chiefly with the idea of studying interior decoration as part of his "stock in trade," and joined the Merchandise Display Department in 1916. His quick imagination and wide grasp of technique are the lead and inspiration of that department today.





## Departmental Ditties

7—

With a lot of the gang on holidays, news or interesting ditties seems to be somewhat very scarce. However, we are very glad to have Babe W. back with us again after a lengthy illness, and hope her health will continue to improve as time goes on.

The last report from Ninette Sanitorium we hear that Elsie Kaler is improving and, no doubt, looking forward to the day not too far distant when she will be well enough to be back at work.

Here's hoping Dorothy Foster will soon be well and around at her old job. She is unfortunately laid up with a broken leg. Just remember, Dot, after this, "always put the best leg first."

By the time this goes to press, one of our fair sex, none other than Babe Goodman, will, we hope, have reached Portland, etc., without many mishaps or car trouble—for goodness sake, Babe, we hope you didn't go away and leave your tooth brush and pyjamas at home like one of the staff did when she went to the beach for a brief stay—no name—but it was a good thing it was warm.

The correspondent reports, while on her holidays, that Lake Winnipeg was exceptionally low this year—just wondering if J.G.J. had anything to do with that during his stay at the lakes.

Enough for now. —M.S.

104—

*The sizzling hot doggers of the Cash* Dept. were out on the spree again!

Says one, "'*Shall we gather at the River*' and motor launch from the River Park boat house for a hot dog fight?"

Says all, "Let's!"

So the real Red Hot Diggety Doggers launched away to the Agricultural College and, whoopee!, what a racket! When the huge fire got under way the smell of the roasting hot dogs told the world the Red River Hot Doggers of

Eaton's Cash were out for an enjoyable evening, and it sure turned out so.

Keep this to yourself! Everybody looked pretty dirty, until the 13-pound watermelon came on the scene—splash! it didn't take long to clean up—splash!

### 205 Jamboree—

Winnipeg and district is humming with comment regarding a frolicsome corn roast and incidental whoopee recently staged at the home of Miss Jean Tod, on the banks of the Red River at St. Vital. Miss Tod, Terry Wallace and Fern Wilson were the joint hostesses, and all the bright lights of Department 205 were the fortunate guests. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and Miss Shaw were there, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Walley, Mr. Wilf. Elders of Saskatoon, Mr. Groff, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Joyce, Mr. Bob Bailey—and so on down an impressive list of talent and beauty.

Immediately upon arrival the guests were entertained by a swimming exhibition given by Muriel Hughes, Mr. Groff and Mr. Millar. [Mr. Millar in a bathing suit would be entertainment enough for us, without any swimming at all.—Ed.]

Following the display, Mr. Shaw presided at the corn kettle with great eclat, and an enormous quantity of the flavorful commodity disappeared in less than no time, together with several truck-loads of busters and home-grown fruit and an inestimable number of tanks of coffee. And even at that, Elsie Smith and Jean McCurrie had to polish things off with a few bundles of carrots apiece.

As soon as the dish-washing crew, commanded by Mr. Shaw, had disposed of the debris, the Misses E. Nelson and G. Cazner staged a broncho-busting competition; after which the party enjoyed a tramp through the picturesque woods, returning to toast marshmallows by a roaring bonfire, and raise their happy voices in a melodious sing-song.



The event was in every respect one of the most enjoyable and thoroughly successful in the memory of those present.

\* \* \*

## RUMINATIONS

One of the most inspiring sights of the evening was that of the proficient oarsman, complete with his three Elsie's, rowing into the sunset. Beautiful! Beautiful!

\* \* \*

That lone figure that was located in the corn field just after dark—was it human, or just more corn?

\* \* \*

Everyone was disappointed that Mr. Williams did not arrive back from his holiday in time to enjoy the evening with us. It was a mutual loss.

\* \* \*

And Jean Mac was late next morning—but that was no surprise!

\* \* \*

To Whom It May Concern—We saw you parked on the Kildonan Road that night—you're not fooling anybody.

\* \* \*

Mr. Blair very subtly left his cigarettes in his car—half a mile away from the bonfire. Made a very pleasant walk. Heh! Heh!

\* \* \*

Dr. Nimmo arrived with his little black bag, all ready for action. But the only accident he was called on to treat happened to himself, when Mr. Millar took a running leap and landed on a board under which the Doctor's feet were resting. Can y' imagine? He's still limping!

\* \* \*

Terry Wallace and Mr. Millar encountered no difficulty swimming "Old Red"—and got a great hand from the spectators on their return.

## 220—

220 has again been worshipping at the Shrine of the Sizzling Hot Dog, and with every reason for pronouncing this affair just as great a success as the first. This latest adventure took place July 29th, the merry-makers leaving the

Store by truck and proceeding to Fort Garry, where their first venture was a determined attack on the coffee and sandwiches, weiners, pie and so on, which had been provided for their edification by the efficient Dr. Jack Coverley.

Following the repast, two nicely balanced teams, captained by "Heck" Watson and "Whataman" Chatwin, tangled horns in a red-hot session of soft ball, with Fred Dugan in the referee's box (only the absence of pop bottles saved him from an early and definitely untidy death).

When the game was over wood was gathered by "all hands," and over a roaring bonfire our worthy leader, W.G.T., directed a most inspiring sing-song. Selections and solos by Mutt and Jeff (Walt and Ted), W.G.T., Jack Warrenner and Jack Coverley were received with tremendous applause. Finally, the toasting of marshmallows brought to a close an evening that everybody has voted an unqualified success from every point of view. Another affair of this nature is in the offing at the time of writing, and it can't come too soon—sez we!

—McG.

## 229—

More by good luck than good planning, 229 Department put one over on Miss Jenkinson, that canny little "Scotchman" who has so ably held the reins of government in 229 Office for the past eight years. For Miss Jenkinson is going to assume the responsibility of preparing three square meals a day, and it was meet and proper that we show her some appreciation before she leaves.

Pondering deeply, some intellectual of the department devised a scheme whereby Miss Jenkinson would be tricked into returning to her place of business after working hours. The success of this plan we owe to Mrs. Beveridge, who, in her most convincing manner, told a tall story about some lights or something and lured the innocent victim to the Employees' Club Rooms.



Tripping confidently into the room, Miss Jenkinson was astounded to hear the mighty swell of fifty feminine voices in "Here Comes the Bride." Words fail us when we try to describe her face, but, of one thing we're sure, she certainly was surprised!

And who wouldn't be? The room was decked out in palms (loaned by Mr. Keeler), and the present, a thirty-piece kitchen set, was arranged on two tables in the centre of the room. The girls thought they were going to hear Emily in the throes of oratory, when she made the presentation, but they were doomed to disappointment. It was short and sweet and almost inaudible. After many moments Miss Jenkinson replied that she was very surprised and pleased and felt a little sorry to be leaving us. (Applause.)

The girls entertained themselves in their own peculiar manner until the appearance of food, when sandwiches and cake, tea and coffee were consumed in great quantities. Bill Taylor presided over the tea and coffee urns and was a credit to his profession. (Here we tender a vote of thanks to Mr. Laing who granted us many privileges, and Mr. Sandbrook, whose efforts were largely responsible for the success of the affair.)

When the last hungry mouth had been fed, some local talent was unearthed in the persons of Jean Hall and Ethel Chapman. Jean delighted the ears of her listeners with a touching little song, and Ethel recited in her usual charming manner. After the applause had died down, the girls joined hands around Miss Jenkinson for the singing of "She's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne." Tears sprang unbidden in many pairs of eyes, but were winked away in time to sing the "King." The strains of this were heard on Hargrave by ardent swains waiting to see their maidens safely home.

*Note*—Miss Jenkinson went home with her bundles, but it is rumored she did not sleep the sleep of the just. However, for many mornings to come, Miss Jenkinson will be able to sleep while we are wondering if we will be able to make it by 8.20.

230B—

A casual observer takes one look at our innocent looking clerks and instantly decides that everything is as it should be. But we are asking you—

Which brand of bird seed does E.D. prefer, and does she take it before or after meals?

Why Gordon had to be different and cling to the darker colors?

Why weren't we there when George was the victim of stage fright?

Why the Dept. baritone (Wesley) insists on "Somebody Loves You" for his serenade?

What would happen to Hughie if the depression affected his pipe?

Why we never get a peek at Vic's golf score?

Who told L.K. everything he knows about women?

Where Charlie learned all his fish stories (camp Brereton, Oh, Yeah!)?

Why didn't Ernie Lord double for Jack Oakie in "Let's Go Native"?

And last but not least—Why many of the departments have not discovered *Contacts*.

## *Whoopie at the Chateau Beckett—*

With a blaring of trumpets and waving of flags—at least had there been trumpets they would have blared and flags would have waved—a goodly representation of the firm started off in a special conveyance for Beckett Lodge, the scene of the annual garden party given by Mr. John Beckett.

After traversing through miles of beautiful country lanes, the party finally arrived at the county seat of Mr. B. They were dusty and dry, but John, assisted by Mac (Mrs. Bryjolfson), had plenty of lemonade and ices all ready for the hot visitors. Cooled off they were soon batting and balling and—well everything you do at a garden party. Everybody here enjoying themselves, and even the grasshoppers got familiar and joined in with their antics.

Supper time arriving, the inner man was ably attended to by Mac, who



displayed her culinary abilities to no mean advantage. What a feast! Good old John surely provided for a host. During the repast the strains of wonderful music filtered through the open windows from the orchestra under the capable direction of Prof. Misson. The party was next entertained by our own "underworld" magician. John is still wondering how his dollar bill got inside the lemon.

After a couple of hours dancing on the beautiful lawn, the party finally sang John's health and gave three cheers for his culinary assistant.

## Here and There—

Herbert Wilson, chief dispenser of 206 Department, takes a walk to the altar early in September, the brave lady being Miss Rose Johnson, of Dept. 147. . . . Greta Fulton, Helena Rubinstein demonstrator, gets a large wallop out of her photographic expeditions and other perambulations with some Man from the Great Open Spaces. He has presented her with a number of quartz rocks, and the department is laying small bets on the nature of the next rock presentation.

How do you like 208 since it's been rearranged? Mr. Hancock has been receiving congratulations on all sides. He has only recently returned from a motor trip which carried him clear to the Pacific Coast—his first venture that far West.

Desire Belanger, of the Ticket Office, purchased some remarkable equipment for his holidays—high-boots and khaki shirts and breeches and so on. We have our own ideas as to what prospecting he did.

Mr. Dinty Moore, of the Hargrave Accessory Shop, is wearing the "proud-parent" smile for the third time. The arrival was a girl—8 pounds 12 ounces. We are unable to state just when Mr. Moore will be staging the customary party, but await the announcement with interest.

Dale Stewart, "Old Man Viking's Boy," has submitted to fate and stepped into the marital yoke on August 27th.

The unfortunate victim was Miss Ivy Simmons, of Norwood. The boys of 248 and associate departments, under the talented leadership of Messrs. Westman and Argue, tendered Dale a select little brawl at the St. Charles Hotel shortly before his taking the step. Dinner was served, and the evening spent in impromptu songs, recitations, speeches and other stunts by every individual member present. We understand the programme uncovered some marvellous talent, Mr. Argue's warbling in particular calling forth storms of applause. A presentation of a handsome electric clock was made to the bridal couple, and all hands join in wishing them years of happiness.

Alf. Sheffield, of 248, is telling the world about his latest income tax exemption—a sturdy nine-pound man-child.

George Drummond (213), who was married on July 30th, has returned from honeymooning in Minneapolis and points South. Seems to be standing the racket all right so far. Before taking the big step, Mrs. Drummond was Miss Doris Mulock. The staff of 213 presented George with a handsome electric clock before the event, Mr. Wintrup making the presentation.

What seems to have been a very delightful miscellaneous shower was given for Miss Bernice Coffee (224), at the home of Mrs. Budge, also of that Department. Miss Coffee was married on Saturday, August 13th, to Mr. Fred Schwartz, of this city. The couple will reside in Winnipeg.

Betty Greening, of 240, walked out on the department and became the bride of Mr. McLintoch, of Winnipeg, on Saturday, August 13th. How Dan Cupid is knocking them over these days!

Mr. Wintrup (213) has returned from his vacation at Winnipeg Beach. The nine-hole golf course there has apparently put him in magnificent shape for the long Winter drive ahead. In the meantime, Mr. Charlie McLean, of the same department, is taking a richly-merited rest following the arduous labor of counting his customers at the recent suit sale.



The good Mr. "Slats" MacKenzie, of 248, spent his vacation (and possibly a little money) at Ingolf. Our sympathy went out to this inoffensive little burg in its great affliction.

Percy Smith, of 40 Department, deserves a great hand for his brilliant performance at River Park on August 20th, when he forced an array of the best hurdlers in the province to chew on his dust as he led them over the Manitoba championship 120-yard hurdles. Percy's been a track enthusiast for a number of years, and is certain to be found in the vicinity wherever a track meet is under way. Apparently, to judge from Saturday's performance, he is losing not a bit of the old steam, and the Store joins us in saying, "Keep up the good work, Perc!"

Miss Marion Levins, of the Wages Office, said good-bye to her confreres on Saturday, 17th. She leaves to become the bride of Mr. Hugh Campbell, of Calgary. The department tendered Miss Levins a kitchen shower, and later presented her with sherberts and goblets which took a proud place at Miss Levins' trousseau tea on Thursday, the 15th. Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will leave on a motoring trip, and will reside in Calgary.

Miss Elsie Kiefer, of 104 Department, has returned from an extended holiday on the continent.

At the moment of going to press, we learn that Stella Bailey and Grace White, of Department 268, are progressing favorably following the accident in which Jimmie Dowell lost his life. Miss White has returned to her home in Winnipeg, and while Miss Bailey is still confined to the hospital at Neepawa, authorities extend sound hopes for her recovery.

Mr. John David Eaton has returned from holidays and a buying trip in Eastern Canada and the United States, and is again presiding over The Hargrave Accessory Shop with accustomed geniality. The new canary Auburn he brought back with him is the sensation of the Garage. Wonder what the old "Big Simplex" is doing now?

## OBITUARY



### MRS. ALICE K. SIMS

*Department 214B*

Word has been received of the death, after an illness of some months, of Mrs. Alice Sims. Mrs. Sims' association with Eaton's commenced in October of 1913, and excepting a short absence in 1922, she had seen continuous service since—and all, since 1920, in Department 214. Her ready sympathy and quiet understanding of boys' requirements and taste won for her a host of customers who found her advice and interest of inestimable service.

Mrs. Sims was born in Somerset, England, and early this Summer travelled to the Old Country to visit her sisters in Gloucester. The illness from which she had been suffering became acute during her voyage, and she was confined to her bed as soon as she arrived. She passed away August 11th, mourned in all sincerity by customers and confreres alike.

### JAMES DOWELL

*Department 268*

The death of "Jimmie" Dowell, of the Basement Store, in a motor accident which occurred over the Labor Day week-end, was a tragedy which shocked not only his associates of 268, but the entire organization. Jimmie was only twenty-two years old, and had spent all his Eaton service (he joined October 15th, 1928), in the Basement Store. He was a young man of wide popularity and great promise, and will be sincerely missed by all who knew him.